

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1856.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 407.

THE POST.
ATHENS, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1856.
The present Congress, thus far, has not gathered many laurels. It has assembled a primary assembly, where there is hard scrambling for a petty office, rather than a dignified legislature looking to the honor and welfare of its constituents. We are not aware of any real good to the country which has been derived from the present session, but much that is evil. The conduct of the members of the House and of the Senate, with some honorable exceptions, has been so boisterous, reckless and rude, that the people at large, seeing there is no shame left in the minds of their representatives, are actually beginning to inquire whether we could not do without any Congress whatever, or, at least, whether if they assemble but once in seven years and were to be called together only on imminent occasions, the country would not be better off. When the people ask themselves these questions it is time to take alarm. The truth is, there is a deep seated evil in this part of our national representative system, and it is time it was exposed to the public eye.

We do not hesitate to state our belief that corruption most foul and infamous exists at Washington, and that one half the clamor and noise which occur at the Capitol are raised on purpose to divert the public attention from the actual frauds that are perpetrated there.

During the present session of Congress about ten million six hundred thousand acres of the public lands have been voted away to about a dozen railway companies and the public is hardly aware of the fact; and other similar land schemes are before Congress which will absorb as much more. And this is brought about in a manner which prevents the possibility of timely opposition and detection.

The "Black Republicans" had a large meeting in Cincinnati to ratify the nomination of Fremont. Charles Remien, long known as the German leader of the Cincinnati Democrats, was the first and chief speaker, and one of the features of the evening was a procession of Germans, a thousand strong, bearing banners and transparencies, with such mottoes as the following:

"Hamilton county redeemed—Free Speech, Free Soil and Freedom—Freedom Forever."
"Tenth Ward all Right—The Old Buck's Funeral—500 Majority Eleventh Ward."

Will the people of Tennessee please take notice which way the foreign vote of the North is now going?

New York, June 30.—Fremont in his letter of acceptance to the North American nomination intimates that in a few days he will communicate a paper designed for all parties, giving his views of the leading questions agitating the country.

It is stated in letters from California that the vigilance committee have sent a notice to Ex-Gov. Bigler not to return to that State.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—During the Fillmore demonstration last night Mayor Magruder, while endeavoring to suppress a disturbance, was surrounded and attacked. He was struck with a brick and slung shot, but was not seriously hurt. The riot was confined to boys, most of whom were under the influence of liquor.

"AS GOES NEW YORK SO GOES THE UNION."—If there be any truth in the old saying that "as goes New York City so goes the State," the Baltimore American thinks Pennsylvania's favorite son's chances are very small. The Journal of Commerce and the Sun are the only two papers of respectability in the city of New York which will support Mr. Buchanan's nomination. With such auguries it would seem that the Cincinnati nominee may well give up all hope of the Empire State; whatever he may be able to do in the Keystone where to say the least, a hard fight awaits him.

New York, June 30.—The North American arrived at Quebec, with four days' later news from Europe.

Cotton advanced 1/4, which was after a loss.

Lord Clarendon has announced that it was not the intention of the British Government to suspend relations with America, and that Mr. Dallas would not be dismissed.

Lord Clarendon's announcement was loudly cheered. Lord Derby expressed himself satisfied, but considered the course of the Government humiliating and acknowledging that it had been in error. Lord Clarendon appealed to the House not to join Lord Derby. Pressing the motion, the subject was dropped.

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1856.

There is no mistake about the effect of Fremont's nomination on the politicians. The Democrats are taken all' aback by it. All sorts of stories are trumpeted up against him. They indicate the feeling in regard to his availability and strength. I learn from Richmond that the democratic leaders in Virginia are made desperate by the Philadelphia nomination. It is reported here on the best authority that a great effort will shortly be made to crush Fremont and blast his prospects forever. If not prevented by wise counsel, a statement, backed by affidavits prepared for the purpose, is to be made public, affecting Fremont's early career, in which the most serious charges are to be made. My opinion is, that it will not injure him in the least; indeed, it will improve his position. The masses will look upon the charges as a persecution, and will not believe a word of what is said. But look out for the charges when they come, and be prepared for a statement that will throw into the shade all those made against General Jackson in that heat of the canvass in his time.

New Orleans, July 1.—The late Postmaster Kendall, committed an assault on McKay, district Attorney, for something concerning Kendall's trial for mail robbery. The assault was particularly brutal. McKay was severely injured. Kendall has been arrested.

The Americans held a mass meeting here last night. Great enthusiasm prevailed. It was the largest meeting of the kind ever held here. The Hon. Garret Davis was the principal speaker.

SENATORIAL PORTRAITS.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial contributes to the columns of that sheet the following pen and ink sketch of some of the more prominent of our present Federal Senators:

"I looked on the Senate to-day. General Cass is a ponderous old fellow, with a mass of white hair, and a ruddy, old brown wig, and keeps opening and shutting his mouth and sucking his breath through his teeth, as if he constantly tasted something disagreeable. John M. Clayton is more enormous than Gen. Cass, and his face, though fat, is magnificent. He is the best looking man in the Senate, and laughs heartily at intervals from two to five minutes. His hair is as white as snow, and his big eyes glisten all the time with intelligence and humor. Seward is as stalwart in appearance as a pair of tongs. He does not weigh more than a hundred pounds. His hair is short and looks dead; his eyes are hidden behind a pair of gold spectacles. His face is thin, pale and wrinkled, but his lines are firm, and he appears to be what he is—a man of restless intellect. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is the thickest at the waistband, though not uncomformably heavy. His face is bright, and his hair, which he wears long and in a singular confusion, is white as newly washed lamb's wool. Hale's appearance indicates that he has been fed liberally on pork and butter. Pugh looks like a young fellow among the old, bald or white-headed and big-bellied Senators than I ever before saw him. A majority of the Senators have naked patches on the top of their heads, and quite half of them are the opposite of slender. They chew tobacco very much as other folks, so far as I could discover, and immediately after adjournment several of them lit cigars, and leaning back appeared to feel comfortable."

THE DRY ROT.—The Mohawk Courier, which the Albany Statesman says "has been for twenty three years the leading, and for the most of that time, the only Democratic paper in the county of Herkimer," the standard of the North, is now in the hands of Craine, Spinner, Mann, Beckwith and Loomis, among the living, and of Hoffmann and others, who have gone to their last "accounts"—now wheels into the ranks of Republicanism.

The Bloomington Newsletter, a Democratic paper, has been sold to Mr. Cox, formerly of the Salem Flag, and will shortly be published as a Republican paper.

John Brough, formerly a leading Democrat of Hamilton county, and editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, at a political meeting in Indianapolis last week, made the following significant remarks:

"I shall not attempt to make a speech at this time, even a Democratic speech, for the reason that if I should now begin where I left off twelve years ago, my speech might be too much of a free soil speech, or it might not be at present an orthodox democratic speech."

Judge Hoody, one of the speakers at the Fremont ratification meeting Cincinnati, is a recent deserter from the democratic ranks.

These signs with others tell where the Black Republicans are drawing recruits from, and indicate plainly that the race in the free States is to be between Fillmore and Fremont. Hurrah for Fillmore!

If anything in the course of Col. Benton could excite surprise, it would be his present apparent position in reference to Mr. Buchanan. "A tall rag, Sir! And a good deal of belly, and some breast, but no back, Sir! Only fit to nurse babies, Sir! Can be brought to his milk, Sir!" These are only specimens of the temper of scorn and derision which Col. Benton has poured down upon Mr. Buchanan during the last six months.

BUCHANAN'S CONDUCT TOWARDS CLAY.

Locofocoism is making large calculations upon Whig support. It is a vain hope.—These Old Line Whigs are and were the devoted friends of Henry Clay, and they will never give their political support to one, who more than any one else, was instrumental in fastening upon Mr. Clay the charge of "Bribery and Corruption," and which followed him, in every political campaign in which he was engaged. It was a pretended conversation between Mr. Buchanan and Gen. Jackson, and the open charge of Mr. Kremer, a colleague of Mr. Buchanan's, that opened the flood gates of calumny upon Mr. Clay, and that closed to him the avenues of political preferment. No man who cherishes with affectionate regard the memory and reputation of the Statesman of Ashland, can think one moment of endorsing such a man as Mr. Buchanan. With cold and selfish purposes he saw the shafts of calumny fly fast and thick at the noble hearted, and yet never dared to stand up and right the wrong created by his own act. The New York Express gives the following, taken principally from Colton's Life of Clay, which will pay any person desirous of information concerning Mr. Buchanan, to peruse it, to "the bitter end."

About two years after Mr. Buchanan's Federal Circular to the citizens of Pennsylvania, we find him engaged very assiduously in the great "Bargain and Sale" plot. Mr. Buchanan figured prominently throughout that transaction—an arena so admirably adapted to the inclination of his disposition. Being at that time a member of the House of Representatives, the excellent and just his better judgment allowed him to bear no enviable position from beginning to end.—"This matter has occupied a large space in the political history of the country, and an angry discussion on both sides have taken place. If however, any candid person, disposed to view the proceedings impartially, will take the trouble to do so, he will discover the political trickery of Mr. Buchanan, and ingeniously to avoid any responsibility in the part he performed. With regard to the hearing of overtures from Henry Clay's friends to Gen. Jackson's friends, it is singular that he has never been found, unless, as it has been pertinently remarked, "it be in the person of Mr. Buchanan, as alleged by Gen. Jackson." Taking all the circumstances which transpired during the plot, the following significant mottoes are worthy of note, and which to this day have never been gained. Here it is, free from denial:

"Some time in January, 1855, and not long before the election of President of the United States by the House of Representatives, the Hon. James Buchanan, then a member of the House, and afterwards many years a Senator of the United States from Pennsylvania, who had been a zealous and influential supporter of Gen. Jackson in the preceding canvass, and was supposed to enjoy his unbounded confidence, called at the lodgings of Mr. Clay, in the city of Washington. Mr. Clay at the time in the room of his only messmate in the house, his intimate and confidential friend, the Hon. R. P. Letcher, then Governor of Kentucky, then also a member of the House. Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's entry into the room, he introduced the subject of the approaching Presidential election of his favorite, adding that he would form the most splendid cabinet that the country had ever had. Mr. Letcher asked, 'How could he have one more distinguished than that of Mr. Jefferson, in which were both Madison and Gallatin? Where would he be able to find equally eminent men?' Mr. Buchanan replied, 'he would not go out of this room for a Secretary of State,' looking at Mr. Clay. This gentleman (Mr. Clay) playfully remarked that 'he thought there was no timber there fit for a cabinet officer, unless it were Mr. Buchanan himself.'"

"Mr. Clay while he was so hotly assailed with the charge of bargain and corruption, during the administration of Mr. Adams, notified Mr. Buchanan of his intention to publish the above occurrence, but, by the earnest entreaties of that gentleman, he was induced to forbear doing so."

Several times since the administration of Mr. Adams, it has been intimated to Mr. Buchanan, as we have been informed, that it might be Mr. Clay's imperative duty to publish these facts, but that he was dissuaded from it by Mr. Buchanan.

To add additional testimony, we state—and let it be denied, if it can—that Mr. Clay has now [in 1857] in his possession a letter which, if published to the world, would place Mr. Buchanan in an embarrassing position. The letter comes from Mr. Buchanan; and on call on Mr. Clay will induce him to give it up, save one from his country—of the Senate of the United States.—The "bargain and sale" conspiracy, with this exposure would place Mr. Buchanan without a pair of Democracy, as totally unworthy the confidence of the people he now holds, and the suffrages of the people. Why smother up these political blots? Why surround Mr. Buchanan with eulogies which do not belong to him? Let the truth be known, and let him stand or fall by it.

SECTIONAL PARTIES.—In a lately published letter of Mr. Madison, occurs the following warning voice:

"Parties, under some denomination or other, must always be expected in a government as free as ours. When the individuals belonging to them are intermingled in every part of the whole country, they strengthen the union of the whole, while they divide every part. Should a state of parties arise founded on geographical boundaries and other physical and permanent distinctions which happen to coincide with them, what is to control those great repulsive masses from awful shocks against each other?"

That is the state of things, remarks the Richmond Dispatch, which the Black Republicans have just endeavored to inaugurate at Philadelphia.

STATE CONTROLLER.—We were pleased to encounter on our streets, yesterday, our State Controller, and former townsmen, Col. J. C. Luttrell.

Col. Luttrell desires us to state that he will be in Knoxville on the 1st of July, and for fifteen days thereafter, in discharge of his official duties. He desires the county collectors to meet him promptly at this place, during that time, for settlement.—Register.

COST OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.—The New York Journal of Commerce comments upon the cost of the war, to the allies, \$400,000,000 to England, and as much more to France, to say nothing of Turkey and Sardinia. Including the Russian expenditure, the cost is supposed to be two thousand million dollars.

FROM AN OLD LINE DEMOCRAT.

[From the Franklin Ky., Commonwealth.]
We commend the following address to the perusal of all our readers, and most especially and earnestly to all those readers who claim to be Democrats. It is from the pen of one who has a good right to speak to the Democracy—from an intelligent and venerable Democrat of the school of Jefferson and Madison—who lived in intimate association and intercourse with those patriots while they remained on earth, and learned Democracy from their lips as well as from their public acts and written productions. Such an appeal as this from such a source, must strike to the heart of every true Democrat, however thickly his breast may be covered with the harness of party discipline.

TO THE REAL DEMOCRATS OF THE UNITED STATES.

And has it come to this! James Buchanan, a black cockade, blue-tight Federalist, nominated for President by the mixed mass of office-seekers, political intrigues, and foreigners, impudently usurping the name of Democracy, and prostituting their principles. I denounce the act as a gross insult to you, and a shameless indignity to the honored dead. It can only be expiated by mendacity, fraud and corruption, born of unprincipled ambition at home and abroad, by the perfidious hand of reckless ambition, disguised in the garments and assuming the haloed name of Democracy. God grant that it may withstand the shock! For if it fall we shall be overwhelmed in its ruins, with the expiring shrieks of American liberty sounding in our ears. There is danger! All those who have been thrown off by the true Democracy are attracted to this name, and where with it all the scum and filth of the social Acheron float to and increase its putridity. All the vultures in the sky are hovering over it scenting their prey.

The brazen pretender to the defence of Southern rights himself, like Buchanan a deserter from his party, the ebullient, gizzard foisted, half-bully and half-blackward, will hug this candidate of foreigners, Free-traders, and federalists, to his bosom, travelling on the Russian road that leads to the Constantinople of his aspirations. Some of the men who assisted to nominate Buchanan were evidently afflicted with doubts and fears. They heaved at the dose they had to swallow, and held their noses. Approaching his return, if elected, to his vomit of federal filth, they tried to chain him by platform fetters which should shine in your eyes like the golden bands of the pure Democracy. Hence they dug up the phosphoric corpse of the United States Bank, and paraded the proceeds of the public lands [but did not tell you that they have been lavishing them on unstarved foreigners, owing allegiance to a foreign government] before you, and gabbled about internal improvements, economy (fugly!) confidence in you, &c. &c. And then a hook baited with a progressive minnow for the "Bohys," the Gulf of Mexico (meaning Cuba) and the Isthmus (substituting Nicaragua), and as much more as the progression geometrical should last for.

There is danger! Their professions are one thing for the people, their practice another for themselves. It is true they have a difficult game to play, but they are adroit and practiced. No art will be neglected to gain an advantage and win the prize; for it is an Empire. No slander will be too gross, no falsehood too revolting, no fraud too vile, no cunning too mean, no bullying too brutal, no trucking too abject, if it will insure success. Will any true Democrat, knowing these things, offer indignity to the memory of Madison by voting for his reviler and traitor? Is there one who will aid in placing a federalist in the chair so ably filled by true Democracy, and true patriot, James Madison? I God forbid! My soul is subdued by sorrow when I see among the nominators of Buchanan men who I know love their country and its republican institutions, and whom I love very dearly, blinded and led astray by the delusion of a name—believing that to be Democracy which is not, and acting under false pretences in support of those who disregard the principles of the illustrious men who founded the true Democracy, and promoting measures destructive to the equal rights of American citizens.

AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

June 10, 1856.

Mr. Fillmore's reception was the greatest demonstration that ever transpired in this city. Early in the morning the stores and public buildings were lavishly decorated with flags and banners and devices in the best taste imaginable. Main street was perfectly covered with ornaments in the shape of flags—nearly every building for seven or eight squares was decorated. The shipping in the harbor had bunting flying at their mast heads.

Mr. Fillmore arrived at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, via the Falls road. The procession formed at the depot, it was composed of military, the city firemen, the Board of Trade, and private citizens. It was half an hour in passing a given point. It paraded through the principal streets to Niagara square, where a stand was erected. After reaching the platform thirteen young ladies, dressed in white, came forward and each presented Mr. Fillmore with a bouquet. H. W. Rogers then delivered an address on behalf of the citizens, welcoming Mr. Fillmore home. Mr. Fillmore replied, thanking them for the compliment bestowed by his fellow citizens, with out party reference, and reverting to his tour in Europe, contrasting the condition of that continent with this, adding he received congratulations, not as a party affair, but as from old friends, whom he had known for thirty years. He closed by thanking his friends for the cordial manner with which they had welcomed him home.

He then retired to his residence, escorted by the military, and cheered by the large crowd present. The streets were perfectly crowded, but everything went off in perfect order.

SHOOTING OF THE MORMON LEADER, JAMES J. STRANG.—Detroit, June 19.—James J. Strang, the Mormon leader, was shot at Beaver Island, on the 16th, by two of his former followers. He received three balls in the body, and a severe blow from a pistol on the head. Strang was alive up to noon of the 17th, but he laid in a very critical condition. The assassins had been arrested.

Sarah, dear, said a wagish husband to his wife, "If I were in your place, I would not keep the babe so full of butter, as you do." "But my dear I never give it any butter." "No but you poured about a quart of milk down its throat, and then trotted it on your knee for nearly two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter it isn't for want of churning."

A COLLOQUY.—How do you do, Mr. Smith?
"Do what?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"How do you feel?"
"Pretty smooth, I guess—feel of me, and see."
"Good morning, Mr. Smith."
"It's rather a bad one—wet and nasty."

to which he fled? Beware. He could offer up human sacrifices on the altar of ambition. Will you not halt between two opinions? "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." Will you follow this political Baal? Ah! there is danger. For "Baal's" prophets are four hundred and fifty men." And with them are united the prophets of the groves, four hundred more which eat at Jebel's table and are commended by an Archbishop. While the true Democracy of America, including all who love human liberty, may exclaim, with Elijah, "I even I only remain a prophet of the Lord!" All there is danger. The fused mass of foreign influence, Free soilism, official corruption, deadly enmity to Protestant-born liberty, and republican institutions, is propelled with terrific and mighty momentum against the temple of liberty, by the perfidious hand of reckless ambition, disguised in the garments and assuming the haloed name of Democracy. God grant that it may withstand the shock! For if it fall we shall be overwhelmed in its ruins, with the expiring shrieks of American liberty sounding in our ears. There is danger! All those who have been thrown off by the true Democracy are attracted to this name, and where with it all the scum and filth of the social Acheron float to and increase its putridity. All the vultures in the sky are hovering over it scenting their prey.

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"Do what?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
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"Pretty smooth, I guess—feel of me, and see."
"Good morning, Mr. Smith."
"It's rather a bad one—wet and nasty."

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY.

There's a mossy shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
Nestled a coverlet of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sun-light
Crowns the cedar covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Eternity of the dead,
Ting'd with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreary length forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her, too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
Nestled the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pale marble,
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead.
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote,
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave—
For the memory of the loved one,
From my soul will never part;
And those shadows in the valley,
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

SIGNIFICANT ACT OF A SPIRIT.—A believer in spiritualism, who doubts whether Buchanan and Fillmore, thought yesterday he would communicate with his immortal friends of the world "beyond," with a view to get their "best judgment." He arranged his "circle" and all the rest of his technique, and then desired to know if the shade of Jefferson was present. The "Sage of Monticello" intimated that he was "absent." There upon he was asked if it was proper to "sue" James Buchanan, for the Presidency?

"By what party is he run?" asked the shade.

"The Democratic," was the response.

Here there was a pause of a minute or more when the shade quivered further.

"What besides Democratic does the party call itself?"

"Jeffersonian Democratic and anti-Know Nothing party," was the reply.

Immediately a prolonged whistle was heard under the table, and the next moment one of the chairs flew by the head of the operator—whereat he was so terrified that he desisted from further enquiries.—Montgomery Mail.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: The mail is just in from Oregon and Washington, and brings the gratifying intelligence of a prospect of peace with the Indians north. Colonel Casey writes that he thinks the war at end in Puget sound. In southern Oregon the Indians were arrested to treat. Col. Buchanan at discretion they are willing to go on the coast reservation. Colonel Wright reports that he will "soon make peace with the tribes east of the Cascade Mountains, with or without fighting."

The Indian troubles on the Tulare river, California, we are informed, are settled. I trust by the next mail we shall be able to announce to you peace throughout the department of the Pacific.

THE BUCHANAN RATIFICATION MEETING IN CHARLESTON.—This affair came off on Thursday night at South Carolina Hall. The Standard says the excessive heat kept many away, but to judge from the account it was cool enough. Nelson Mitchell, Esq., presided. Letters of apology were read from Judge Bougias, Col. Orr and Col. Brooks, and speeches were made by Hon. James Simmons, Hon. W. D. Porter, and Charles Macbeth, Esq. Resolutions were passed endorsing the nomination of Messrs. Buchanan and Breckenridge, and approving of the Cincinnati Platform. The meeting then quickly dispersed.

We take the responsibility (says the Huntsville Independent) of publishing the following extract from a private letter by Hon. Jere Clemens, from Washington city, to a gentleman in this city:

"Mr. Fillmore's letter of acceptance is in the intelligence, and will reach you by the same mail with this. I enclose also an extract from the Standard of yesterday, from which you will see that the Northern Democrats are already beginning to fall off from Buchanan. I have never seen a nomination so coldly received, in spite of the spasmodic efforts of the Union to get up a little enthusiasm. In my opinion Mr. Buchanan will not get a Northern State except Pennsylvania."

The Washington Union of yesterday distinctly and explicitly reads the Benton Democrats out of the party, and that secures Missouri for Fillmore.

LAWLESS CONDUCT AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The Galveston Citizen of the 21st ult., regrets to have accounts of serious disturbances in Orange county, on the Texas and Louisiana border.

The free negroes, mulattoes and white men, to the number of forty, with the sheriff at their head, who had been ordered to leave the country, have refused to do so, and have fortified themselves some four miles above Madison. They are reported to have a hundred guns, besides pistols and bow-knives, and to bid defiance to their opponents. Parties in the country are about equally divided. Almost every man is armed, and all are in continual apprehension from enemies. The high grass in the prairie affords hiding places every where, and no man can leave his home with safety.

Last Saturday Dr. Myers and Barwell Alexander, two men who had been warned by the Regulators to leave this country and refused, were shot by a party of twenty or thirty men at Green's Bluff. The execution is reported to us to have been deliberate.

The proscribed class is said to nearly equal the remainder of the citizens in number. A bloody battle is expected, and the result is doubtful, unless the whites are reinforced from other counties. They have had promises of assistance from Liberty and elsewhere.

In the meantime there is no security for life or property of any kind. South and Merriman keep their mill guarded night and day, and other persons are in continual apprehension.

Nothing has been seen of the mulatto Ashworth, who murdered Deputy; but he is believed to be lurking in the neighborhood; it not with the party in the fort.

It is impossible for us to give a detailed and correct history of the events which have ended in the present state of affairs. There may have been faults on both sides. But there seems no doubt that the insolence and crimes of the free persons of mixed blood have been such as to be unendurable by the whites. It is evident that both parties cannot longer live in the same community. We shall expect to hear of bloody work by every mile, until the Governor can order such a force to the spot, from other counties, as will restore order and sustain the laws.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.—A Dutch Journal contains the following singular account of the escape of a woman of Zeevhuizen from being poisoned by her husband, and the prompt chastisement of the latter:

"A man whose name is not given, availed himself of the opportunity of his wife quitting the dinner table for some domestic purpose, and rapidly mixed poison. In the plate of soup which she had commenced eating. At the moment the wife retired, after having tasted herself the husband arose and quitted the apartment, under pretext of having forgotten something necessary. The wife upon this was about to recommence eating, but on so doing she discovered a spider on her plate, and having great repugnance to these insects she changed her plate, and sent her husband, who returned immediately, to get himself a new plate, and seeing that his wife had nearly finished her portion, ate from the plate before him. In the course of a few hours he began to feel the effects of the poison, and, although medical aid was instantly called in, died confessing that he was justly punished for his own intended crime."

THE NEW ORLEANS COMMERCIAL Bulletin, a rabid Old-line Whig and "Anti-Know Nothing" journal, pays the following unqualified compliments to Mr. Fillmore and his letter of acceptance: "How Old Whigs, or any other persons entertaining such sentiments, can vote against Mr. Fillmore in the coming election, passes our comprehension."

"This letter breathes a spirit of fervent patriotism and an enlarged nationality which are characteristic of its distinguished author, and have won for him the reputation among all thinking men of being a reliable and sagacious statesman, and pure and incorruptible politician. The record of Mr. Fillmore's acts while occupying the Presidential Chair furnishes a platform upon which all the conservative, Union loving men of the country can safely stand, with the well grounded assurance that should he be elected, he will use all his ability and power of office to secure the national agitation which is now distracting the country, threatening it with all the horrors of civil war. We truly believe that Mr. Fillmore, as President, could, and would do more towards restoring the country to peace and quietude than any other man living."

WHAT IS A TURNER.—In the recent trial of the German Turners for riot in Cincinnati, some discussions arose as to the character of the German Turner's Society, when Judge Stull, one of the counsel, said:

"The name means syncretist. It was established in Germany in connection with the Universities, to promote and develop the physical man, and also for the improvement of the mind. In Cincinnati it was a social organization, which assembled together, for gymnastic exercises, and for the study of the sciences. The Turners of this city own a library of over seven thousand volumes, comprising many scientific and valuable works. Lectures were delivered to them both by the German and American born citizens. The society was also a charitable and benevolent one, the sick members being cared for and the families of the deceased members allowed an amount per week. Their meetings were not secret, and members were at all times willing to listen to the suggestion or opinion of those not belonging to them. Persons of all religious beliefs are admitted as members."

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, has procured a rifle with a three-foot barrel, disguised as a walking cane, which he carries with him constantly, even into the Senate Chamber, ready to load and capped.

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.—1st, Eat hot bread at every meal. 2d, Eat fast. 3d, Lie in bed every morning till the sun is two hours high. If the cause should prove stubborn—4th, Add the morning dream.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.—A Synod of Rabbis will shortly be held in Paris to discuss the propriety of transferring the observance of the Jewish Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday.

Two lumps of gold, weighing 4,100 dwts., have been received by T. R. Gallender, of Philadelphia, from the Columbia Mining Company of Georgia. They were of the value of four thousand three hundred dollars.

The lady to whom Mr. John Vanburen is to be united, is said to be the daughter of the late John C. Calhoun.

The old line Whigs Cecil county, Maryland, have declared in favor of Millard Fillmore for presidency, on a conservative platform.